

INVADER: ZIM
Pilot Episode

EXT. DEEP SPACE - MORNING

The familiar deep HUSH of deep space, you know the one: that creepy, whistly kind of hush.

We see STARS. Billions of twinkly stars.

In a low, awed tone:

NARRATOR

Deep space. No, wait, I can do that better.

A DEEP, BOOMING VOICE:

NARRATOR

DEEP SPACE! It is out here that a sinister plan unfolds in the minds of the Galaxy's most sinister and mind bogglingly boggly, just, you know, I don't really want to get into it. Anyhow, they're aliens. Not just any aliens. The most feared aliens in the known Cosmos. The NOING!

Low, in the distance a resonant RUMBLE. The stars practically vibrate.

Suddenly, a tiny NOING DOOM SAUCER zips into frame.

NARRATOR

On this day, the day of the
Great Assigning, all of the Noing
Soldiers Gather to receive their
orders.

A few more ships of varying shapes and sizes follow the lead
of the Doom Saucer.

NARRATOR

Orders detailing the systematic
takeover of the Universe! A sinister
plot known only as Operation Doom
Plan II. Base of Operations: Home
Planet IRRRRRRRRKKKKKKK!

The Narrator continues the word until he is breathless and
hacking.

The camera whips around, following what is now a fearsome
and growing armada of ships, revealing the enormous and
immensely impressive PLANET IRK. A metal, artificial ring
encircles the world and all of the ships congregate there.

The wet, hacking cough of the Narrator carries over as we
DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE RING

as the ships slide perfectly into their docking bays.

INT. DOCKING BAY

NOING SOLDIERS, by the dozens, bounce down ramps in perfect
unison.

NOING SOLDIERS

Hup! Hup! Hup! Hup!

The Soldiers each step into personal plastic tubes. The last SOLDIER is hurriedly eats a big juicy hamburger.

With a FLASH of light and a ZAP, they disappear.

EXT. THE RING

Strands of light shoot toward the surface of Irk.

EXT. PLANET IRK'S SURFACE - MORNING

The surface of the planet is dominated by towering futuristic architecture suggesting a highly advanced civilization whose aesthetic influences seem mainly to have been miniature golf courses and video game arcades, complete with rolling hills of astroturf, windmills and animatronic figures.

The strands of light convene into a ring around the Convention Center, a monumentally large structure which dominates the downtown area and whose entrance resembles a gigantic, puffy looking monkey with the door beneath it's open legs. The monkey's arms flail mechanically and its jaw works slowly in a pathetic mockery of speech.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER

The Soldiers Zap back into shape in tubes identical to the ones on the ring. Just as enthusiastically, they bounce into the courtyard and head toward the monkey.

NOING SOLDIERS

Hup! Hup! Hup! Hup!

The last one out of the tubes falls to the ground clutching his head. He stands and lowers his hands, revealing a HAMBURGER HEAD.

HAMBURGER SOLDIER

WWHHHHYYYY?!!

The Soldiers Hup! Hup! into the entrance.

The Monkey bouncily greets them as they come.

GIANT MONKEY
Welcome Noing soldiers! Universal
Conquest is near!

INT. CONVENTION HALL

The Hall is filled with thousands upon thousands of Noing soldiers, falling in to perfect lines and standing ramrod straight, their antenna stretching skyward.

There is an excited MURMER among the troops as the last of the soldiers files in.

All goes dark and an intense military theme builds. The soldiers quiet as the hall dramatically goes dark.

A spotlight illuminates the stage in the center. A line of NOING INVADERS stand in two neat rows behind an elevated podium.

A VOICE comes in on a PA system:

ANNOUNCER
Soldiers of Irk, wiggle your antenna
in salute to your Supreme Commanders:
"The Almighty Tallest!"

Antennas wiggle excitedly.

NOING SOLDIERS
(in unison)
Ooooooooooooooh . . .

The ALMIGHTY TALLEST, known for their superior height, float

in with their arms outstretched, basking in the glow of their clear superiority. Their behavior is a mix of cheesy lounge singers and game show hosts. They point their fingers in mock pistols at the crowd.

The only distinguishable difference between the two is the color of their clothing and eyes: one is red, the other purple. Oh, yeah, one of them is maybe a little taller than the other.

They reach the podium and lose the layer of cheese, becoming immediately serious.

PURPLE

Welcome brave soldiers. We are SO much taller than you. Still, you are the finest examples of the the Noing army: loyal, strong, honorable, blah, blah, blah. Standing behind us, however, are the soldiers we've chosen to head the most crucial part of "OPERATION DOOMPLAN III!" They must infiltrate our enemies, blend in with their hideous and inferior cultures and discover weaknesses

.

Behind the Almighty Tallest, the wall splits and opens up to reveal a huge MAP of the Cosmos. A red line traces its way from planet to planet like some kind of sinister connect the dots.

PURPLE

(CONT'D)

Today, they receive their assignments and are to be given the title of INVADER. We shall assign one Invader to each planet in the path of our conquering space armada. Acting as spies there, they will gather information to better prepare us in taking

over these worlds. You in the audience just get to sit and watch.

RED

You should have tried harder.

PURPLE

Yes. So without further ado, let us now begin the GREAT ASSIGNING. INVADERS prepare to receive your orders. Larb! Step forward.

LARB swaggers to the podium. Once there, he gives a firm, sturdy salute.

RED

Impressive salute, soldier.

PURPLE

Larb, you have been assigned to the planet Blorch, home of the Slaughtering Rat People.

The screen behind them flashes a picture of a cowering Noing soldier with a group of terrifying rat like beasts towering above him.

Larb is visibly disturbed at his assignment.

RED

Hmmm. Perhaps because of your fine saluting abilities, we will give you the planet Vort, home of the Universe's most comfortable couch.

The image shifts to one of Larb reclining in absolute slothful glory, next to an enormous bowl of cheese puffs.

Purple gestures to the map, where the planet of Vort lights up a brilliant red accompanied by a perky "DING!"

Larb cocks his fist back with an enthused:

LARB

YESSS!

Larb moves off to the side of the stage.

RED

Zoing! Step forward!

Zoing passes Larb on his way to the podium.

ZOING

Show off. Check out this salute.

Zoing reaches the podium, stands ramrod straight and promptly salutes so hard he whacks himself in the forehead.

A group of bruise headed soldiers compare assignments on the sidelines.

The entire crowd responds with an impressed "Ooooh."
Hamburgerhead stands tall in the throng, despite his newfound hideous deformity.

PURPLE

Spleen! Step forward!

Spleen steps into frame, winds up and whacks himself even harder. A cartoon lump on the head appears.

Red and purple react violently to the sudden, threatening addition of height.

RED AND BLUE

Look! He's getting taller than us!
Guards!

Guards rush in and drag poor Spleen off stage. his

bloodcurdling scream fades off into the distance.

CUT TO THE CROWD watching the proceedings intently. In the back, near the entrance to the building, there is a commotion as something is forcing its way forward.

VOICE

Excuse me, pardon me.

The Almighty Tallest have given the last of the assignments.

RED

The Great Assigning is now complete.
We have nachos and space grubs in the
Lobby.

TINY FEET as they weeve their way through the crowd.

VOICE

Out of the way, coming through.

PURPLE

Please, gorge yourselves.

VOICE

Wait!

RED

What the...?

PURPLE

Oh, no.

ALMIGHTY TALLEST

(together)

Zim.

Suddenly, ZIM bounds out of the crowd and up the stairs. All heads turn to look at him. Zim is one of the smallest Noing we have seen. What he lacks in stature, he makes up for in energy.

ZIM

Sorry I'm late sirs. You're lucky I made it at all. Nobody even told me this was happening.

PURPLE

There are no more assignments left, ZIM.

RED

Yes, the ceremony is over, ZIM. Go help yourself to some crispy treats.

PURPLE

Yes, crispy treats.

ZIM

But..

RED

They are very crispy.

ZIM

But..

PURPLE

Yessss, so crispy.

ZIM

BUT..!

RED

The Assigning is over, ZIM! Give up already!

ZIM

But, don't you remember? I was a part of Operation Doomplan One.

RED

Oh, yeah . . .

EXT. THE SURFACE OF IRK - FLASHBACK

FLAMES! DESTRUCTION! PANDEMONIUM!

NOING CITIZENS scatter in absolute panic. In the background a Noing Doom Saucer spirals to the ground. A LASER BEAM shoots in from out of frame, demolishing another.

The leg of a gigantic ROBOT steps into frame. The camera whips around, revealing the rest of the GIGANTIC ROBOT! From below, looking up, we can see pair of antenna peaking up over the dashboard. Hands blindly work a set of controls.

INT. COCKPIT - FLASHBACK

Zim sits at the controls, mad with the power he wields. He laughs insanely.

From beneath him, a voice can be heard.

VOICE

But sir, we're attacking our own people!

ZIM

Silence!

VOICE

But-

ZIM

Twist those knobs! Twist those knobs!

Zim spins his Commander's chair around.

ZIM

You, pull the levers! Pull the levers!!

EXT. IRK SURFACE - FLASHBACK

The Gigantic Robot lurches through the charred and burning remains of civilization and into the distance.

INT. CONVENTION HALL

The Almighty Tallest Purple looks down on Zim.

PURPLE

You were the reason we needed to have an Operation Doomplan TWO in the first place.

ZIM

I put all the fires out.

RED

The children still have nightmares.

A NOING CHILD quivers with huger eyes recalling some trauma

ZIM

There must be something I can do, Your Tallest. I can make it up to our people. I know I can. You must give me this chance.

PURPLE

Well, perhaps you could put up these flyers.

Purple holds up a flyer: "Hey Kids! Join our army of DOOM!"

ZIM

Flyers?! But you don't understand! I'm a soldier, and I'll stop at nothing to complete whatever mission I get. Invader's blood marches like giant radioactive rubber ants through my veins. The ants command me! Do not ignore my veins!!

RED

Uh, come to think of it, there IS something you can do. We need to station an Invader on one of the most important planets in our plan.

PURPLE

Huh?

Red raises an eyebrow to purple. There is an unspoken understanding.

RED

Yesss, no Invader has been given this assignment yet, as we have found no Invader intrepid enough to be our scout on this planet.

PURPLE

But your passion impresses us.

ZIM

Thank you, sirs! My heart throbs proudly with goo.

RED

That's nice.

ZIM

No, really! That things REALLY throbbing! Come feel this!

PURPLE

ZIM!

ZIM

Ah, yes, Your Tallest. Back to business! Where is my planet?

RED

Uh, you can have that one.

He points in the opposite direction of where the cluster of important planets is on the map, to a piece of paper taped to the wall with a crudely drawn planet on it. The handwritten label above it reads: "Earth."

Zim stands, eyes wide, happily awed by the assignment.

ZIM

Earth . . .